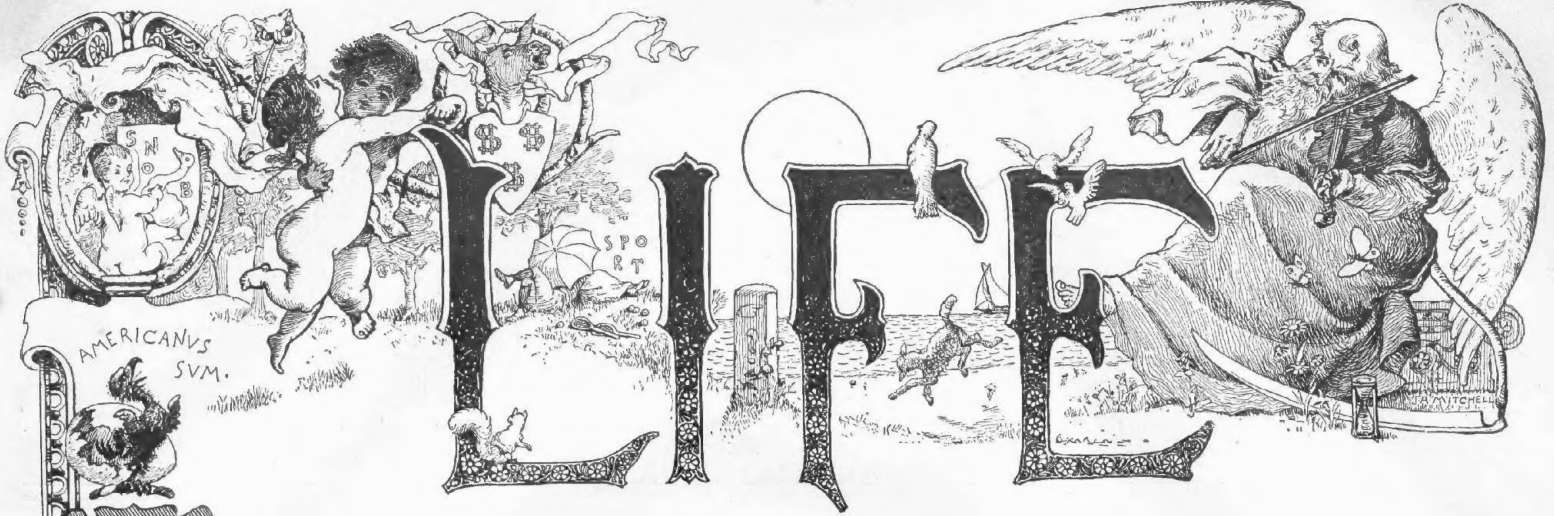


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"MOTHER, CAN WE GO TO PLAY WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN?"
"YOU MAY PLAY WITH THE LITTLE GIRLS, EMILY, BUT NOT WITH THE BOYS; THE LITTLE BOYS ARE TOO ROUGH."
"WELL, MOTHER, IF WE FIND A NICE, SMOOTH LITTLE BOY, CAN WE PLAY WITH HIM?"

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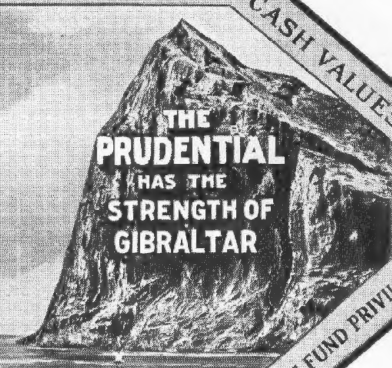
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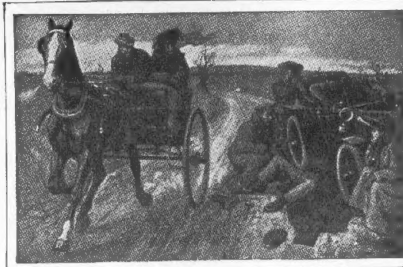
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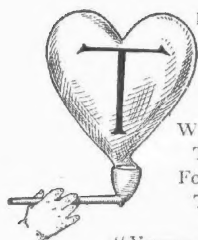


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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

LIFE

Meredith vs. Habit.



HEY'D lived ten years together, oh,
In tranquil married state,
Propitious was the weather, ho,
And they must separate.

Without pretense of worrying
They locked the silent house;
For they must both be hurrying
To find another spouse.

"Your overshoes, now don't forget,"
She said, as if by rote,

"Your handkerchiefs you won't forget—
They're in your overcoat.

"I've packed your suit-case carefully
With heavy underwear;
Your socks are mended prayerfully,
Your gloves are also there.

"Don't choose her too good-looking, John,
Or of a taste too fine.
Select her for her cooking, John—
You know you're used to mine.

"The thing I'm mostly sad about
Is that I greatly fear
That you will wed a gadabout,
Who'll quite neglect you, dear."

The husband bag and baggage down
Upon the sidewalk banged.

"Unlock the house, my ten-year spouse,
And Meredith be hanged!"

And so the little woman wise
Unlocked the great front door,
Her privilege to tyrannize
Ten happy summers more.

Wallace Irwin.



A RARE CHANCE.

Young Husband: I SHALL BE AWAY TWO WHOLE DAYS, AND, REALLY, ISABELLE, YOU SEEM TO BE RATHER GLAD I'M GOING.

Young Wife: HOW CAN I HELP IT, JACK? THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD TO GET A LETTER FROM YOU SINCE WE'VE BEEN MARRIED.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLV. JAN. 26, 1905. No. 1161.

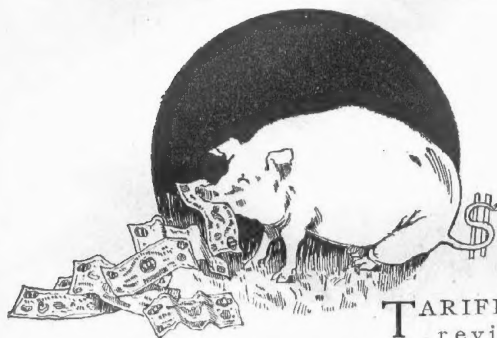
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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TARIFF

revision halts for the time being; it must wait until the Republican majority in Congress comes to the necessary frame of mind. The regulation of railroad rates is the commercial problem that for the moment chiefly occupies the mind of the Government, and about that something seems likely to be done, not at the present session of Congress, but at an extra session to be called in the fall. And there seems to be a possibility that what is done will be reasonably just and effective. The chief trouble at present is not that railroad freight rates are too high, but that they are uneven. One shipper is able to get a lower rate than another between the same points. It is not unjust that a large shipper should get a less rate than a small one. The rate for ten tons should be less than ten times the rate for one ton. But the ten-ton rate or the thousand-ton rate should be the same for all comers. There should be no discrimination—especially no secret discrimination—by railroads between shippers. There is such discrimination now by almost all railroads. The rates

are nominally the same to all comers, but the biggest shippers, whose trade must be held, get secret rebates. That is, part of their payments for freight charges is secretly returned to them. That is going on all the time, and on nearly all the railroads, and is one means by which the trusts and very strong concerns are able to kill off the competition of small ones.



THE railroads don't give these unlawful rebates for fun, or out of benevolence. Most of them prefer to respect the laws, if it is compatible with profitable business. It is safer, more convenient, and more respectable to do so. They give rebates in order to get and hold the business of very important shippers who have the choice of several roads as carriers for their goods. If one of these roads refused to give rebates the big shippers would go to the others. If the pooling system was permitted, the roads that are competitors would get together and divide the business. But pooling being prohibited, they have to use what means they may to get what business they can, and when one gives rebates the rest must. The law against rebates was intended, presumably, to stop them, but it doesn't. It cannot be enforced, and the chief effect it has is to make roads that would prefer to be law-abiding, do business unlawfully and hide it.

But pooling has its evils. If pooling were allowed there would be nothing at present to hinder the railroads from agreeing on any rate they chose, however high, and exacting it. The check of competition, which was expected to keep down rates, would be lost.



MR. PAUL MORTON, the present Secretary of the Navy, used to have charge of the freight traffic of the Sante Fe road, which is said to have given rebates while under his management. This supposed fact, recently disclosed, has caused much comment,

and led to his being more or less denounced as unfit to be a member of the Cabinet, especially at a time when the regulation of railroad rates is so much on the mind of the President. The better opinion seems to be that Mr. Morton, as a railroad man fully conversant with existing conditions, and with full knowledge of the failure of the present law in practice, is particularly well qualified to advise in the construction of an effectual law that will work. We are tired of the evils of laws that cannot be enforced, and of secret rebates, and all their monopoly-nursing results. Mr. Morton lately put his views into print in the *Outlook*. He says repeal the law against railroad pool agreements; that will enable the railroads to protect themselves against the wiles of the shippers. Give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate freight rates (subject to appeal); that will protect the shippers against overcharges by the railroads. The railroads—most of them—are resigned to Government supervision of their rates provided that they have Government protection, and due means of self-protection. We believe a law can be framed and enforced which will be just to the carriers, just to the shippers, and will do away with the demoralizing rebate system.



THERE is still another trouble—the private car lines which have been able to monopolize the carriage of certain perishable products, and which are enabled by that power to control the trade in such products in all parts of the country. The Armour Company in Chicago is accused of being a conspicuous offender in this line of extortion. Sundry of our more powerful millionaire-citizens seem to have acquired habits of unconscionable hog-gishness, and want absolutely all there is in any trough in which they condescend to thrust their snouts. The earnestness of the current desire to correct their manners finds many illustrations, of which the prosecution of the Beef Trust by Attorney-General Moody is the one that best deserves immediate attention.



"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."

Betty's Cheque.

WHEN Betty draws a cheque, a little frown
Bursts into crumpled bloom upon her brow,
As though a rose might seek to disavow
Its rose-hood and its tenderness put down
With coldest dignity. Her tresses brown
With finger tips she touches, soft; and now
She opes the little book and wonders how
Men do it—easy—with the date and all
In the right places? So—she dips the pen
And dates the number blank; with flourish tall
And angular writes *Thursday*—thinks—and then
She fills it for a thousand—meaning ten.
Then signs her father's well-known, honored scrawl,
And sighs and blots it! Nothing but the bloom
Of wrinkled brow to indicate the wreck
She consummates. Ah, drums should boom,
And fussy bank cashiers be hurled to doom,
And harps should tink—when Betty draws a cheque.

Kate Masterson.

LIFE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT CONTEST.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNER.

THE question, Are Christmas Presents a Blessing or a Nuisance? was recently propounded in *LIFE*, a reward of fifty dollars being offered for the best answer. *LIFE* takes pleasure in announcing that the winner of the prize is Mr. Barrett Eastman, of the *Chicago Journal*, the author of contribution Number 1.

A Letter.

DEAR LIFE: There you go persecuting the automobilists again. I am surprised that, with all the attention you have given this problem, you have not seen more nearly to the bottom, wherein lies the fact that the city of New York suffers from reckless automobile driving probably more than any other place in the world; and that it is due, not to any particular defects in the temperament of automobilists as a class, but to the characteristic spirit of

"every man for himself and damn everybody else," that the people of your town show in all their actions towards others, whether in a ballroom, a dry goods store, or a street car.

Now I am not calling New York names because I live somewhere else, for I feel about as much at home there as anywhere; but I do think the manners of the people in public are exceptionally bad. The automobilists are no exception, and frighten more people, if they do not actually do more damage, than those of any other part of the country, just as your cabmen, motormen, elevator boys, or any other kind of men or boys, are more insolent than they are elsewhere.

Therefore I would suggest, should you still deem it necessary for your own safety to harangue the automobilists, that you qualify your remarks by "in New York," for nowhere else does there exist the extent of abuse you describe. Furthermore, you are a very influential publication, and this anti-automobile crusade that you have started and nursed along, is being carried to sufficiently absurd lengths in some places already without any need of your pushing it further. Such a joke for New Jersey, the bunco corporation State, in a burst of self-righteous wrath to reduce its speed limit, thereby inconveniencing the millionaires whose wealth has, in so many cases, been basking in the sunshine of its favorable incorporation laws.

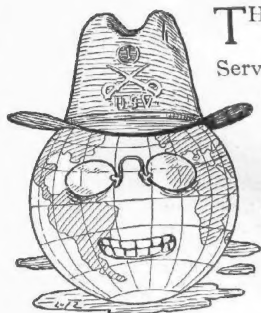
Very truly yours,
Demarest Lloyd.
BOSTON, MASS., JAN. 6, 1905.



First Russian Officer: GOOD MORNING. HAVE YOU DISGRACED YOURSELF YET?

Second Russian Officer: CERTAINLY. DON'T YOU SEE MY DECORATION?

Rulers.



THE hair-raising story comes from Washington that the President gave the Secret Service men the slip the other day, and walked down Pennsylvania Avenue unattended.

It is, of course, some comfort to reflect that Mr. Roosevelt has been taking instruction in jiu-jitsu and can probably lick most anybody with his little finger, but after all there remains a feeling of uneasiness and insecurity.

Something should be done.

Bars at the windows and doors of the White House would give it more than ever the aspect of the residence of the ruler of a great people.

Justice.

"CAN you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"Perhaps not. But I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed during her early married life."

CLARA: You don't mean to say that at fifty he is making love to you. Isn't that rather young for an old man?

MAUD: Yes. But he is the most precocious old man I have ever met.

Monroe Doctrinings.

WE have got our little foot in the Canal,
We have got the languid Cuban 'neath our eyes,
We have placed our index finger on the lazy San Dominguer,
And we're teaching Porto Rico to be wise,
We are asking Mister Castro won't he please
Discontinue his piratical campaigns;
Yet the dark-skinned Latin Jingo only mutters, "Dirty Gringo!"
Which is all the thanks we're getting for our pains.

Here's a bumper to the doctrine of Monroe, roe, roe,
And the neighbors whom we cannot let alone;
Through the thirst for diagnosis we're inserting our proboscis
Into everybody's business but our own.

We are worrying from Texas to the Horn,
We are training guns on Germany's advance,
While we shake the mail-clad mitten at the hunger of the Briton,
And suggest, "Monsieur, keep off the map!" to France.
Does the gentle South American rejoice
At our fatherly protection from the Powers?
No, alas! the dusky Jingo merely hisses, "Yankee Gringo!"
To reward this large philanthropy of ours.

Here's a bumper to the doctrine of Monroe, roe, roe,
Which we follow when we've nothing else to do,
While we spend our golden billions to protect the rag-tag millions,
And I think they're making fun of us, don't you?

W. I.

Where Every Prospect Pleases.

"MAMMA, I don't believe in early marriages; for after you're married, there's nothing left to look forward to but death."

MANY a man has made a fortune by working in the time he might have spent in worrying about his prospects or regretting his mistakes.



"HOW DO YOU CALL 'EM?"

"TEDDY, THEODORE, ROSEY AND ROSE. NO RACE SUICIDE FOR US."

A Riddle.

WHAT is that which is given,
Yet taken as well,
Which makes life a Heaven,
Yet sometimes a hell?
Come, lovers; come, sweethearts,
The answer is this—
A sweet little,
Fleet little,
Neat little
Kiss!

Walter Pulitzer.

JUST now the magazines are serving nothing much but hot tamale. A dash of red pepper promotes the process of digestion, but a lot of it will upset the stomach, sooner or later. After that, the deluge of literary gruel.

The Secret of Success.

BRIGGS: I hear you made a lot out of a gold mine.

GRIGGS: Heaps.

"How much stock did you buy?"

"I didn't buy any. I sold it."

SHEILA: So he told you he saw me there? What else did he tell you?

VERA: He said you were fickle, false and vain.

"I'm so glad, dear; I was afraid he had forgotten all about me."



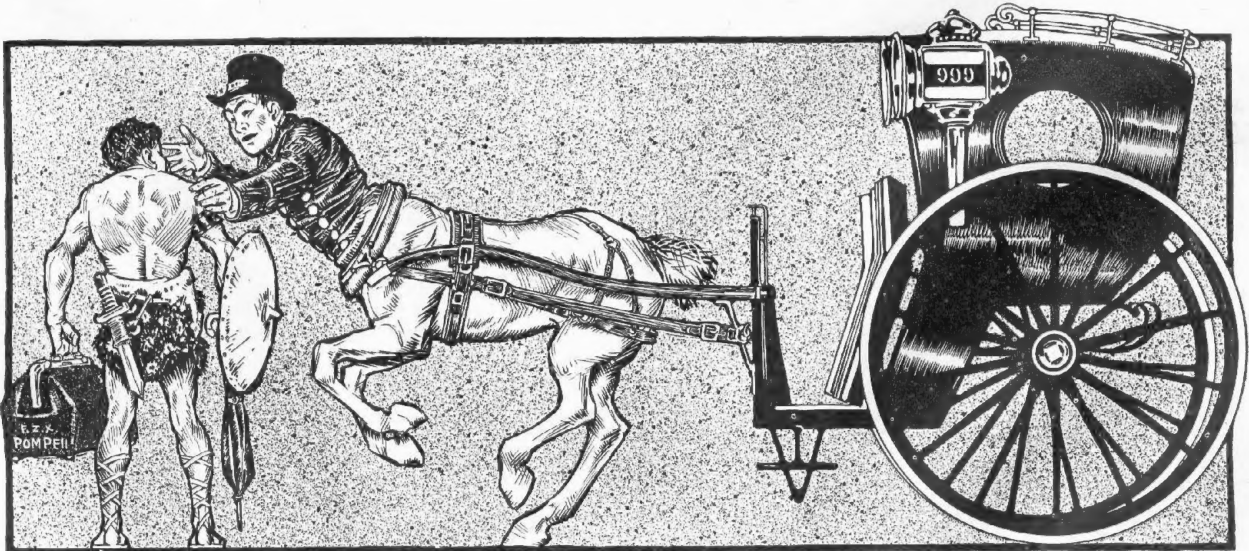
OUR BOYS.

GROVER.

THIS is little Grover, the last of his race. At one time he belonged to a large family of Democrats, but they have all disappeared off the face of the earth. Grover is a husky boy and loves to play by himself, although he will join a crowd when there is need of help. Grover used to have a little donkey, of which he was very fond. He rode it

almost every day. But one day the donkey turned on him and Grover got rid of it, and the donkey has never been any good since. Perhaps some day Grover will get the donkey back again, but we don't think so.

Grover lives in Princeton, where he keeps a consecration farm, free from politics and theology.



66

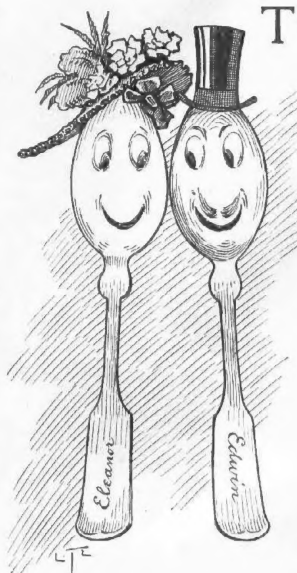
Keb-sir?

99

HERBERT - PAUS

IN CENTAUR DAYS.

Insincerity.



THE New Hampshire clergyman, who finds inevitable insincerity in a man and woman vowing to love each other until death do them part, is not without reason.

But what then?

Shall the man, remaining safely within the limits of his capacity, promise to love the woman until he do see her with her hair in papers, and the woman, equally shunning the pledge she cannot perform, promise to love the man until he do measure more than forty-six inches about the belt?

A certain admixture of insincerity seems to be a practical necessity.

Should everybody be sincere, the effect would be a cataclysm. It is doubtful if even the revision of the tariff otherwise than at the hands of its friends would

affect the social fabric more profoundly.



PERFECT BREEDING.

AT A DINNER IF ANYTHING HAPPENS AMISS,
TO APPEAR QUITE UNCONSCIOUS IS BEST—
IT'S BAD FORM TO NOTICE THE LITTLE FAUX PAS,
THEY SHOULD PASS UNOBSERVED BY THE GUEST.

RINKY DINK THEATRE.

MADAME HUBERT, MANAGER.

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Cents.

UNPARALLELED APPEARANCE

of the

TWIN METEORS,

CASSIE L. CHADWICK,

By special arrangement with the "Behind the Bars" Company, of Cleveland,
and

THOMAS W. LAWSON,

Late of the Copper Stock Company, of Boston.

TWO OF THEM!! COUNT THEM!!

In Their Original

THREE-ACT SCREAMING FARCE,

Entitled

CHECKS AND CHUMPS.

Introducing several inimitable impersonations of real money by Mrs. Chadwick. During the second act Mr. Lawson will demonstrate a few selected holds in Frenzied Jiu-Jitsu. Particular attention is called to the "Pocket-Book Hold" and the "Half-Rockefeller."

Official Staff for Mrs. Chadwick and Mr. Lawson:

Manager, "Spike" Hennessey.
Stage Carpenter, "Red" Leary.
Press Representative, T. W. Lawson.

Mr. Lawson's costumes by Moe Levy & Co.

Mrs. Chadwick's gowns by Madame De Vere.

Properties by Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers and others.

Light Effects by "Gas" Addicks.

Some New Books.

THE Seeker. By Russell Sage.

The Sin of David. By D. B. Hill.

The Crossing. By Reggie Vanderbilt.

The Masquerader. By John D. Rockefeller.

The New Munchausen. By Thos. W. Lawson.

The Castaway. By Alton B. Parker.

Ten Nights in a Barroom. By Henry C. Potter.

The Grafters. By Addicks, Rogers and Morgan.

The Story of a Bad Boy. By W. R. Hearst.

The Descent of Man. By W. J. Bryan.

The Real New York. By Mayor McClellan.

The Real Question.

JASPAR: I can't understand how the railroad company managed to smash up your furniture so badly.

JUMPUPPE: Huh! What I can't understand is how their cars stood it while my stuff was being knocked around so roughly.

FROM UNDER THE BAN.

LIFE regrets to note that the theatre in New York has been officially declared to be a racial and religious institution. It has been stated by the Theatrical Managers' Association of New York City that, in effect, any one who criticizes their methods of dealing with the American public declares himself to be an enemy of the Jewish race. Whether the better class of Jews in New York City and in the country at large will support the Theatrical Trust in this curious contention remains to be seen.

The announcement of this new relation of the theatre to the American public was made in a resolution adopted at a meeting of the Managers' Association and directed at the dramatic criticisms of LIFE, which, in the resolution, are characterized as "bitter and unwarranted racial attacks." It is also stated that Mr. Metcalfe, of LIFE, is hereafter to be excluded from the majority of the theatres in New York.

Whenever a bad Jew gets into trouble he is glad to make it a case of race or religious persecution. It's an easy trick to play and, unfortunately, usually succeeds. Jews of education and refinement are sensitive where their race is concerned, and naturally side with their co-religionists, irrespective of the merits of each particular case. This trait, while in some ways an admirable one, is an unfortunate one for the Jews in America. It is un-American in the sense that it creates a nation within a nation. It is deeply to be desired, by Jew and Gentile alike, that this course shall not be persisted in, because the inevitable result will be that there will grow up a national anti-Semitic feeling in America as there has in France and Germany.

LIFE repeats that it is unfortunate for the decent Jews in America that the members of the Theatrical Trust have raised against LIFE the cry of "Jew-baiter!" Readers of this journal know that this charge is unfounded. LIFE has fun with the people of every creed, cult or race that has a funny side, even including New York's exclusive 400 and the august United States Senate. That the members of the Theatrical Trust seek to make LIFE's criticism of their treatment of dramatic art and the American public a racial question, is raising a smoke to hide their own iniquities. It would be equally true to say that when LIFE commends a play produced under Trust management, or by Mr. Belasco, or by the Shubert Brothers, it is pro-racial and pro-Semitic.

The Theatrical Trust has so long dictated to American managers, American artists and American newspapers that it has grown arrogant and despotic. In the case of LIFE, it found that the proprietors of this journal still retained a belief in American independence, and that they could not be cajoled or intimidated. Then Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger thought they had found a vulnerable point in LIFE's armor and brought a libel suit for heavy damages. A judge and jury in an American court declined to aid and abet them in their attempt to silence us.

The last desperate resort against LIFE is to threaten physical violence, to attempt, by combination, to drive LIFE's critic out of his position, and to arouse race hatred against this journal.

It is not likely that even these methods will succeed. LIFE's rights are involved, and we propose to maintain them.







Many Plays of Many Kinds.



BEING only one performance of "Adrea," the observer finds himself somewhat in the position of the man who could not see the forest on account of the trees. There is so much in the way of plot, acting and setting that the mind refuses to take them all at one gulp, or, if it does, the mental palate is confused and receives no precise and definite impression. If there is any one dominant element it is the complexity and magnificence of the staging. We have come to look for this in most of the plays that Mr. Belasco produces. Here he seems to have reached the limit in stage construction, in richness of costuming and in effective combination of lights and color. The impressiveness of the settings is lessened by the two facts, that the stage of the Belasco Theatre is not a large one and that the scenery has to be constructed with a view to transportation. But, all in all, the setting given to "Adrea" is a most gorgeous and imposing one.

Of the play, which owns Mr. Belasco and Mr. John Luther Long as joint authors, it is extremely difficult to judge as a purely literary work. It tells a powerful and tragic story, the incredibility of some of its incidents being excused as imaginary happenings in an imaginary empire. Presumably the play is written in blank verse. If this is so, whatever metrical beauties or defects the lines may possess are lost in the present-day methods of delivery. The language is archaic, and this fact gives sufficient atmosphere for the author's purpose. At times the story gets dangerously near to the grotesque, but the theme is really a strongly impressive one, and is handled with enough skill to produce situations and climaxes of unusual force.

Mrs. Carter finds herself in the novel situation of impersonating a heroine who is herself good, and whose calamities are not of her own producing. It is a character entirely the product of the author's mind and far removed from the world of reality. It is an inconsistent creation through its great range of depiction and emotion. It would tax the powers of an actress who combined in herself all the natural attributes of her sex and who had at her command all the art the woman artists of the stage have ever known. Naturally Mrs. Carter fails at some points, and at others there is no denying the moving force of her accomplishment. It is a portrayal entirely worthy of a more

analytical study than is possible in LIFE's short columns. The same may be said of the other characters in the long and, on the whole, excellent cast.

Like all of Mr. Belasco's presentations, "Adrea" represents tremendous work and conscientious effort. It is over the heads of the average New York audience, but regarded merely as spectacle it is well worth anybody's seeing.

* * *

THE Shubert Brothers have certainly been lavish in their expenditure on the production of "Fantana." It is comic opera of the usual kind, but represents that form of entertainment carried to the highest degree of elaborateness in production. Its music, extremely light in character, is much better than the average, and the book in lines and lyrics is provocative of genuine laughter. Mr. Jefferson De Angelis, who heads the cast, belongs to the usual type of hard-working comic-opera comedian, and Adele Ritchie is the usual comic-opera prima donna, both survivors of a school of entertainers, the usefulness of which seems to be passing away. Of a more unusual type is diminutive Katie Barry, whose fun-making abilities are entirely out of proportion to her size. One of her songs, as she sings it, deserves going a long distance to hear. The chorus is a generous one in numbers, good looks and display of shapeliness.

Lovers of *fin de siècle* comic opera will find "Fantana" a very excellent example of that kind of amusement.

* * *

THE performance of Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," at the Garrick, seems to be animated by the artistic impulse which, in plays presented on the New York stage of late years, has been most conspicuous by its absence. It is likely that the fervid spirit of Mr. Arnold Daly is responsible for the zest and conscientiousness shown in the acting, but this is admirably seconded by a very well-equipped and very well-selected company. It is an infrequent privilege to be able to say that here is a cast without a weak spot in it. Even Miss Orina de Wolfe, who is commonly supposed to lend to a play only personal pulchritude and fine dressing, confirms our former impression, recorded in the notice of "A Clean Slate," that she possesses considerable ability as an actress. Mr. Shaw had his customary amount of fun in creating the part of Gloria, and Miss de Wolfe portrays it in a way thoroughly to carry out the author's idea. Miss Jeffreys Lewis brings to Mrs. Clandon a particularly suitable personality and the fruits of her good training. Would that she could convey her melodious delivery to some of her female contemporaries. Mr. Daly's rôle is

more commonplace than the other Shaw heroes he has portrayed, but he is sufficiently the artist to keep it well within the picture, instead of trying to exaggerate its value. Mr. John Findlay is a very good William, indeed, his only fault being a tendency to hang altogether too long on some of his points. Mr. William H. Thompson does all that there is to be done with *McComas*, which utilizes only a small percentage of his powers. Mr. Harry Harwood's Rohun, the English barrister, shows that he realizes the fine technicality of the character, even if it does irresistibly recall the manly presence of the Hon. Bourke Cockrane. The smaller parts are also well and faithfully done.

"You Never Can Tell" has been so generally read that it requires no summing up as a play, and is one of the laughable and interesting



MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN "ADREA."

exhibitions of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's powers as a satirist and dramatic arguer. It is even better in the acting by this very able company of artists than in the reading, and it will be a damning commentary on the intelligence of New York as a theatre-going community if the piece does not have a long run. It must be a very stupid public, indeed, which cannot understand it and find it laughable and diverting.



AUGUSTUS THOMAS, having abandoned his intention to dramatize the States of the Union in alphabetical order, has, in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," localized his efforts in a more or less fashionable New York suburb. He calls the place Larchmont, although it might quite as well have been Pelham, or Short Hills, or even New Rochelle. The defining of the locality might be made even more exact by any one acquainted with the persons in the suburb he really means, but in the process of identification it is not necessary to go any further than to say that it was extremely unkind of the author to make his *Mr. Leffingwell* a cruel caricature of that high-principled theatrical manager, Mr. Daniel Frohman. Never mind Mr. Thomas's geography, though, for he has written a most laughable play, which lies in the indefinite ground between comedy and farce. The Osteopathic Medical College should give him an honorary degree for the advertisement the piece furnishes for that newest of physiological arts. It is full to the last curtain of good, honest, side-splitting laughs, and gives a good many sly digs at persons who are socially biting off a little more than they can easily masticate. The company is a well-selected one, in the main, the honors going to Miss Fay Davis, Mr. Lawford, Mr. Courtenay, Miss Jessie Busley and Mr. Saville. Miss Busley's performance of the Irish mainstay of a suburban household was very clever, indeed.

"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" can be recommended as a germicide for the bacillus of melancholy.

MR. EDWARD TERRY'S impersonation of *Dick Phenyl* in "Sweet Lavender" at the Princess's was interesting in itself, and doubly so to those who remembered and could make comparison with Mr. Lemoyne's rendering of the same part. On the whole Mr. Terry's *Phenyl* was not so smooth, unctuous and gentlemanly as Mr. Lemoyne's amiable, alcoholic barrister. Mr. Terry prefers to make the part a more eccentric one and get his fun more on a low comedy basis. In its way it is a very effective piece of work, but it does not appeal to the sympathies as did Mr. Lemoyne's lovable drunkard. It creates more laughter, and evidently caught the fancy of

the British public, as Mr. Terry has played the part more than four thousand times.



"The College Widow" is funnier yet. Madame Marie Dressler, the celebrated *tragédienne*, has a rôle which puts *Lady Macbeth* an entire stack of blue chips back of the game, and to it she brings all the *finesse* and light and shade for which her impersonations are noted. There is not a rich deaf man in the world who would not give a large sum to hear the exquisite pathos with which she sings that touching ballad, "My Mother's Boarding-

Home." Signor Josepho Weber is also great in his *ensemble* work with Madame Dressler, and no one with a weak heart, to which laughing is dangerous, should go within a block of this entertainment. *Metcalfe.*

The Wise Canary.

A CANARY bird that had hung in its gilded case for several years, singing cheerfully in spite of neglect, finally became intensely piqued by the manner in which its bath was delayed each morning. So it began to sing very much off the key to attract attention, and scattered its feathers about the cage in simulated rage.

A bird doctor who was called in pronounced it an acute attack of the pip, after which its bath was changed twice a day, and it had apples and lettuce fed to it.

A blameless life isn't all it's cracked up to be. *Kate Masterson.*

THE man who falls in love with a good woman rises.



The Artist: BIBBY TOLD ME TO SEND THIS AROUND TO HIM AND HE'D MAIL ME A CHECK FOR THE PRICE; BUT I DON'T KNOW—HE SEEMED A LITTLE—ER—

The Lady: INTOXICATED?

"Y-YES."

The Husband: SEND IT BY ALL MEANS! HE HAD NO BUSINESS TO GET SO DRUNK.

Johnny's Wail.

WHEN maw has a company dinner,
Gee whiz, how the goodies are spread,
She smiles an' then runs down the victuals
'Fore ever a word has been said.

She wishes the custard was fitten,
The fruit cake has riz up too quick;
An' then when I want the ninth helpin'
She reaches an' gives me a kick.

The company sits there an' gobbles,
Until some fine day, I declare
I'd like just a company dinner
Without any company there.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Beneficent.

Only three prisoners were taken by Gen. Nogi's men. Most of the garrison of 500 men were killed.
—*War News.*

SHREWD and candid economists observed long ago that nations often enjoy unusual prosperity after seemingly exhausting wars. This is not only because the effect of war is to relax those restraints of conscience which stand in the way of the fullest success in business, but quite as much because war kills off many men and lessens competition.

Blades of grass aside, the real benefactor of the race is he who hits upon some direct and expeditious manner of making one man flourish where two or more languished before. Nature's way is to let the surplusage starve to death. It is true that Nature has some powerful friends at the present time, but she is nevertheless coarse in much of her work, and never coarser than here. A good brisk war does the business better, in a tithe of the time, and with a tithe of the scandal.

The question is for us a question of no merely academic significance. In the streets of New York there are so many people that things get themselves done with very great and rapidly increasing difficulty. A million copies of Pastor Wagner's book have been distributed without helping matters much. Consider how traffic conditions would be simplified if all but three persons in every five hundred were to be killed.

Modern.

ST. PETER: What do you want?
NEW ARRIVAL: I'm a New York advertising agent. I've come up to get an option on all your available space.



THE treasury of fiction is full of *fiat* geniuses, poets and prima donnas, made legal tender by proclamation, but only passing current at a ruinous discount. Poets, however, are born, not made, whether they be children of the fancy or children of the flesh, and Rickman, the hero of May Sinclair's remarkable novel, *The Divine Fire*, is of these elect. As a piece of literary workmanship and as a subjective study of human character the work is rich in beauty and interest, its chief fault being one of spendthrift generosity, induced by the gift of an almost lyric prose.

Charles Marriott's *Genevra* is also the story of a genius. *Genevra*, a poet (paper-money issue, unredeemable in the specie of imagination), meets a great artist (somewhat better value, say silver basis, sixty per cent. discount) and—but that would be telling, and then there would be nothing left to read the book for.

Dudley A. Sargent, the director of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard, has published a treatise on home exercise without apparatus, which can be commended for its unusual practicability and common sense, and its freedom from extravagant claims of the quack family. The book is very helpfully illustrated, and is called *Health, Strength and Power*.

The late Guy Wetmore Carryl seems to have begun *Far from the Madding Girls* in a gale of good spirits. The text is fairly peppered and salted with fun and sprinkled with puns which range from the sublime to the atrocious. But gales blow themselves out, and before the would-be bachelor of the tale is captured by what he calls the un-fair sex, there is a dead calm. But it is a stiff breeze while it lasts.

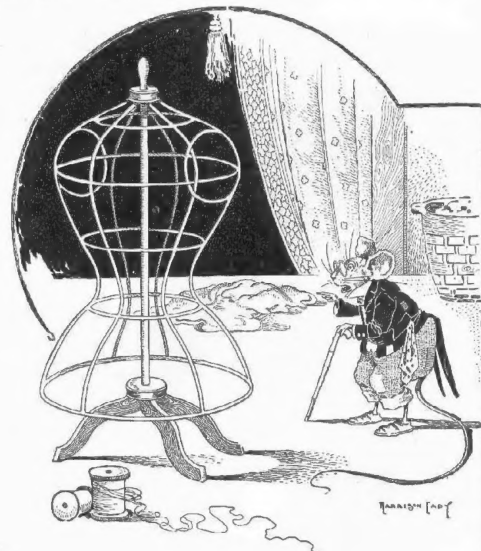
A tasteful and very tempting little invitation to rural England is to be found in Josephine Tozier's *Among English Inns*. There are hundreds of pilgrims, past and prospective, to whom this "story of a pilgrimage" should

prove a reviver of pleasant memories or a maker of pleasant suggestions.

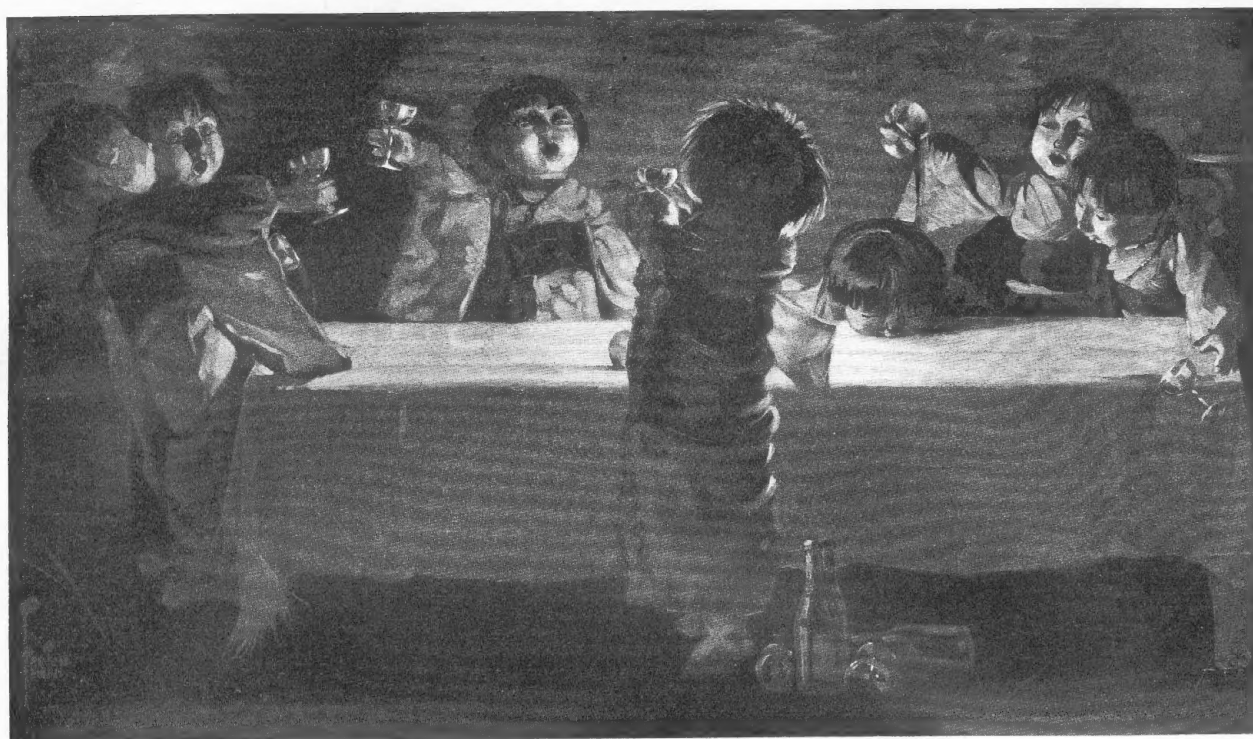
A man sufficiently familiar with the ragged edges of the earth and sufficiently gifted with the dramatic sense to have given us *Captain Kettle* and *McTodd* is sure to be worth listening to when he chooses, as C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne has done in *Atoms of Empire*, to gather into one volume the odds and ends of short stories he has picked up by the way. These tales are vivid, full of action, thoroughly entertaining reading.

There are few things more difficult to administer than good advice. It is like giving a black pill to a cocker pup. You think it is down, and next day you find it on the hearth-rug. Margaret Deland, however, is a diplomat as well as a philosopher, and in her essays for women published in *The Common Way* she cleverly hides her bitter councils in spice-cake.
J. B. Kerfoot.

The Divine Fire. By May Sinclair. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)
Genevra. By Charles Marriott. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
Health, Strength and Power. By Dudley A. Sargent. (H. M. Caldwell Company.)
Far from the Madding Girls. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
Among English Inns. By Josephine Tozier. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.60.)
Atoms of Empire. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)
The Common Way. By Margaret Deland. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)



Mr. Mouse: WELL, I WONDER WHAT SORT OF A NEW-FANGLED RAT-TRAP THAT IS? I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THE THING AND I CAN'T FIND A BIT OF CHEESE.



BANZAI!

The Man and the Philosopher.

TWO children on the ocean shore—
The one with pebbles filled a pail
And counted them, "One, two, three, four"—
The other watched a distant sail.

Mr. James and His Readers.

WITHOUT special knowledge as to the number of Mr. Henry James's recent novels that have been circulated, we confess to an impression that of every ten persons who have read one of them, at least three have communicated, or at least offered to communicate, their ensuing emotions to the public press. Nobody who writes books nowadays can rival Mr. James in inducing sentiments of self-esteem in the bosoms of his readers. They think better of themselves for having read him, and regard their ability to expound him, as an intellectual asset which it is the part of unselfish benevolence to put on public exhibition. They seem to feel that to have read Henry James is to have achieved superiority, and they don't care who knows that they have done it.

It is doubtless a high merit in an author to be able to arouse such feelings in the bosoms of his readers, and we congratulate Mr. James on his ability to do it. He is a deserving man. There is no question at all about the fineness of his art or the subtlety of his mental processes. His books used to be literature, and we have faith to believe that they are still literature. If it is true, as rumor asserts, that his characters sit down continuously from cover to cover instead of finding their legs and getting somewhere, that is not a literary fault. It is as lawful to paint still life as movement. The invention of plots and incidents must come to be an intolerable bore to a thoughtful novelist whose real concern is with the action of the human mind. Besides, maybe it isn't true that Mr. James's books are so sedentary. Our friends who write about them commonly tell us as little about the books as possible, being chiefly concerned in giving testimony that they have read them and are "on to" them, and can almost do the trick themselves.

We think they give themselves undue credit for their exploit. Anybody can

read Henry James who has time, and means of support during the process, and there is no particular dearth of intelligence of the kind requisite for learning to enjoy him. To be sure, his longer books are very long, but art always has been long. That is no drawback if time does not press. The trouble—what there is of it—lies in the shortness of life, and the pressure of breadwinning occupations, and of the newspapers and the other books. These meritorious writings are best suited to persons who are a little out of the rough current of every-day life—who either have independent means of support, or are themselves concerned with art, or with some occupation that does not constrain them to keep in ready touch with what is going on.

Some time when office-hours are all over for us, and we have ceased to care what the papers say, we are going to read all of Mr. James's later books—unless, of course, they should accumulate beyond imaginable limits. And we shall enjoy them. Oh, yes. And write pieces about them, too? Who can say what he will do, or not do, when he stops work?



ABOUT JAN. 1.

The old year's shades were quite pulled down
When through each village, city, town,
There passed a sandwich man with sign
Whose legend filled a single line:
"Cut it out!"

"Be more specific!" said the man
Who plainly rushed too much the can.
The sandwich man ne'er turned aside.
Only the legend writer replied:
"Cut it out!"

"Please state exactly what you'd say!"
Desired the man who smoked all day.
But all the answer that he got
Was this laconic centre shot:
"Cut it out!"

The man whose face so haggard white
Meant poker playing night and night
Required to know what thing was meant,
And got this answer eloquent:
"Cut it out!"

So every one who looked on it
Felt his especial fault was hit;
Their souls with new resolves did fill,
And all exclaimed aloud: "We will
Cut it out!"

So all braced up, and for three days
Frequented narrow, proper ways;
And followed fully up the plan
Suggested by the sandwich man—
"Cut it out!"

But ere the sandwich man did trace
A four days' journey from the place,
All things were as they were before,
And no one ever hinted more
"Cut it out!"

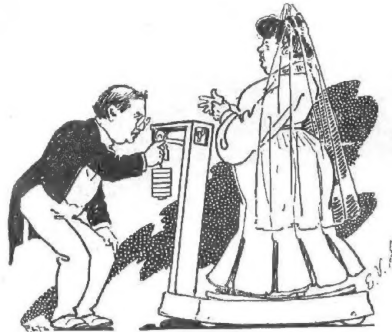
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HE WAS NICELY CAUGHT.

Bishop Ellison Capers, of South Carolina, recently addressed a meeting of Confederate veterans in Columbia.

In the course of his address Bishop Capers spoke of those men who deceive their wives, pretending that they are detained late at their offices on business, when really they are spending the evening at the theatre or the club.

"These men," he said, "are fewer than the comic writers of the press would have us believe, but nevertheless here and there they do exist. I wish that they



GIVING THE BRIDE AWAY (A WEIGH).

could all be caught as nicely as one of them, a resident of Columbia, was caught the other day.

"He said to his wife, as he was leaving home in the morning:

"Oh, by the way, my dear, if I find I can't get away from the works in time for dinner to-night, I'll send you a note by a messenger."

"The wife in a tart tone replied:

"You needn't bother. I have already found the note in your coat pocket."—New York Tribune.

ESCAPED IN TIME.

Little Raymond, five years old, was a devotee of the theatre, and at every opportunity attended the Saturday afternoon children's matinees. The last play he attended was "The Johnstown Flood," a stage melodrama founded upon the great Pennsylvania disaster. Deeply interested, he sat through three acts, at the conclusion of which the modern "Paul Revere," mounted upon a horse, galloped down the Conemaugh Valley, warning the endangered people to take to the hills to escape the oncoming flood from the broken reservoir above the city.

Without a moment's hesitation, little Raymond arose from his seat and hurried home.

"Why, Raymond," said his mother, "the matinee can't be over yet; it's only four o'clock!"

"Well, mamma," the youngster explained, "the next act was the flood, and I knew if I stayed I'd be drowned!"—Aloysius Coll, in *January Lippincott's*.

THE MATERIALS WERE HERS.

Ethel's father is an artist. The New York Press says he often permits his little daughter to stay in the studio with him and paint. Ethel has some brushes and paint of her own, and uses them with some ability and more satisfaction. One day a visitor called at the studio, and Ethel eagerly showed him a small canvas.

"Did you paint this?" asked the visitor, in surprise.

"Yes, sir," said Ethel.

"Well, well, it is very good, indeed! Are you sure you painted it all yourself?"

"No, not all," Ethel admitted, reluctantly. "Papa helped me a little."

"Oh!"

"But he used my brushes," the little girl hastily added.

A CAT'S LONG JOURNEY.

The Duchess of Beaufort verifies the story of a cat which was recently taken from the house of a stud groom living at a place called Petty France near Badminton, to Wing Oakham, Rutland, by its owner. After being in the new home a couple of days pussy escaped, and afterward turned up at its old place in Gloucestershire. It had traveled by road a distance of a couple of hundred miles.—*Westminster Gazette*.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Brean's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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